I may not ſuffer you to viſite him,
The King hath ſtraightlie charged the contrarie.
Qu. The King? whie, whoſe that?
Lieu. I crie you mercie, I meane the Lord protector.
Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kinglie title:
Hath he ſet boundes betwixt their loue and me:
I am their mother, who ſhould keepe me from them?
Du.yor. I am their Fathers, Mother, I will ſee them.
Duch.glo. Their aunt I am in law, in loue their mother:
Then feare not thou, Ile beare thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my perill.
Lieu. I doe beſeech your graces all to pardon me:
I am bound by oath, I may not doe it. *Enter L.Stanlie.*
Stan. Let me but meete you Ladies an houre hence,
And Ile ſalute your grace of Yorke, as Mother:
And reuerente looker on, of two faire Queenes.
Come Madam, you muſt go with me to Weſtminſter,
There to be crowned, Richards royall Queene.
Qu. O cut my lace in ſunder, that my pent heart,
May haue ſome ſcope to beate, or elſe I ſoun[d],
With this dead killing newes.
Dor. Madam, haue comfort, how fares your grace?
Qu. O Dorſet ſpeake not to me, get thee hence,
Death and deſtruction dogge thee at the heeles,
Thy Mothers name is ominous to children,
If thou wilt outſtrip death, go croſſe the ſeas,
And liue with Richmond, from the reach of hell,
Go hie thee, hie thee from this ſlaughter houſe,
Leaſt thou increaſe the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margarets curſſe,
Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene.
Stan. Full of wiſe care is this your counſell Madam,
Take all the ſwift aduantage of the time,
You ſhall haue letters from me to my ſonne,
To meete you on the way, and welcome you,
Be not tane tardie, by vnwiſe delaie:
Duch.yor. O ill diſperſing winde of miſerie,
O my accurſed wombe, the bed of death,

A Coca-

A Cocatrice haſt thou hatch to t
Whoſe vnauoided eye is murth
Stan. Come Madam, I in all
Duch. And I in all vnwilling
I would to God that the incluſi
Of golden-met all that muſt rou
were red hotte ſteele to ſeare me
Annointed let me be with dead
And die, ere men can ſay, God ſa
Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I enui
To feede my humor, wiſh thy ſe
Duch.glo. No, when he tha
Came to me as I followed Hen
When ſcarſe the bloud was we
Which iſſued from my other an
And that dead ſaint, which the
O, when I ſay, I lookt on Richa
This was my wiſh, be thou quc
For making me ſo young, ſo ol
And when thou wedſt, let ſorro
And be thy wife, if any be ſo ma
As miſerable by the death of th
As thou haſt made me by my d
Loe, eare I can repeate this curſ
Euen in ſo ſhort a ſpace, my w
Groſſelie grewe captiue to his h
And prou'd the ſubiecte of my
Which euer ſince hath kept my
For neuer yet, one houre in his b
Haue *I* enioyed the golden dew
But haue bene waked by his ti
Beſides, he hates me for my fath
And will no doubt, ſhortlie be
Qu. Alas poore ſoule, *I* pit
Duch.glo. No more then fro
Dor. Farewell, thou wofull
Duch.glo. Adew poore ſoul
Du.yor. Go thou to Richmo

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